

For a Funerall Elegie on the death of

HUGH ATWELL, Seruant to Prince

CHARLES, *This fellow-feeling Farewell:*

Who died the 25. of Sept. 1621.

SO, now Hee's downe, the other side may shout:
But did he not play faire? held he not out
With courage beyond his bone? Full sixe yeares
To wrastle and tugge with Death? the strong'st feares
To meet at such a Match. They that haue seene,
How doubtfull Victorie hath stood betweene,
Might wonder at it: Sometimes cunningly
Death gets aduantage: by his cheeke and eye
We thought that Ours had beene the weaker part:
And straight agen, the little Mans great Heart
Would rowze fresh Strength, and shake him off awhile:
Death would retire, but neuer reconcile:
They too't agen, agen; they pull, they tugge;
At last, Death gets within, and with a hugge
The faint Soule crushes. This thou maist boast, Death,
Th' hast throwne him faire, but he was out of breath.

Refresh thee then (*sweet Hugh,*) on the ground rest;
The worst is past, and now thou hast the best:
Rise with fresh breath, and be assur'd before,
That Death shall neuer wrastle with thee more.
Oh, hadst thou, Death, (as Warres and Battels may
Present thee so) a Field of noble Clay,
To entertaine into thy rhenwicke Cell;
And thou wouldst haue it be presented well,
Speake thy Oration by this Mans tounge;
'Mongst liuing Princes It hath sweetly sung,
(While they haue sung his praise:) but if thy Court
Be Silence-tyde, and there dwels no Report,
Lend it to Life, to store another Flesh;
We misse it here, wee'l entertain't afresh.

E P I T A P H.

*Here lyes the Man, (and let no Lyars tell)
His Heart, a Saints; his Tounge, a siluer-Bell:
Friend to his friend he stood: By Death he fell:
He chang'd his Hugh, yet he remains At-well.*

Will. Rowley